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Moravian Missions in Ohio

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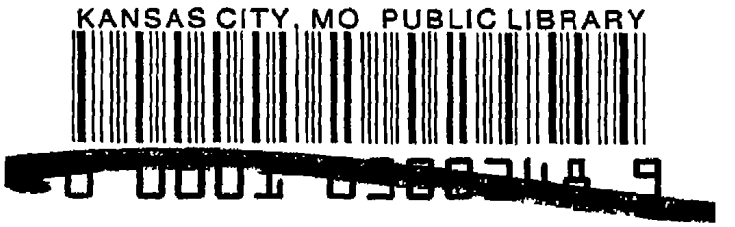

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONS IN OHIO.

BY
FRANCIS C. HUEBNER.

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PREFACE.

The early life of the writer of this little volume was spent on the banks of the Tuscarawas River within a stone's throw of the site of the old Indian town of Gnadenhutten, and it was here that an interest in the history of the missions was first awakened. Two old apple trees which had been planted by the Indian converts, and depressions in the earth caused by the "caving in" of the cellars where stood the houses of the inhabitants, outlined what had existed, while two solemn mounds and a tall, grey monument bearing the inscription, "Here triumphed in death ninety Christian Indians, March 8, 1782," told the story of the end. The hiatus was supplied in later years by reading such works as Heckewelder's Narrative; Loskiel's His-

tory or the Indian Missions; Dodridge's Notes; Taylor's History of Ohio; Zeisberger's Diary (translated by Bliss); Life and Times of David Zeisberger by De Schweinitz, and other works, including the Life of John Heckewelder, by Rondthaler. From the latter-named book was obtained the picture of John Heckewelder, and from the first-named the picture of Zeisberger which are reproduced for the benefit of my readers, and to each of the above works I must give credit for the historical information obtained and narrated herein.

The object of this little volume is to give to those interested in the history of Eastern Ohio a condensed but full story of the Moravian missions in Ohio.

THE AUTHOR.

Washington, D. C.,
September 15, 1898.

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONS IN OHIO.

For over ten years the history of the now great Commonwealth of Ohio was centered principally in two communities in the Tuscarawas valley, named Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhutten. The former stood about one and one-half miles south of the present county seat of Tuscarawas county, while just beside the heaps of ashes of old Gnadenhutten was built the quiet little hamlet of the present day bearing that name.

These two towns were inhabited by Indians, but they were Indians in name only, and did not exercise the savage nature which the word "Indian" im-

plies. Their aim was towards civilization; they desired to live at peace with all people, and their number was large enough, and their influence potential enough to effect the history of the eastern part of Ohio, if not the history of the United States as a nation.

To properly present the history of these two towns, it will be necessary to give a brief review of the wanderings of the people who formed the nucleus of them. These wanderers were Moravian converts from the Mohican, Delaware, and other Indian nations. Moravian missionaries had been preaching to the Indians in the Eastern States—first in New York and Connecticut, and then in Pennsylvania at various points. A mission would be established, a town regularly laid out, a log church constructed, and

in a very short time the church would be surrounded with log houses. While the missions were prospering, however, white civilization was pushing rapidly to the West, and wherever the whites and Indians met on the borders of civilization there was contention. In case of war, no discrimination was shown by the border-whites generally, whether an Indian was disposed to do evil or not, but every red skin was regarded as an enemy to civilization. In all differences between Indians and whites, "might" was considered "right," and the white race being the superior, the final outcome in each case was the retirement of the Indians to some land less desirable to the whites at that time. For these reasons the Moravian Indians had moved from New York and Connecticut to the eastern

part of Pennsylvania, then to the central part of that State, and next to the still wilder portions. In the year 1770 we find a number of them at Friedenshutten, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, on the Susquehanna River.

When the Moravian converts wished to build a town they would obtain the permission of the Indian tribe which claimed the land on which they desired to settle. The land upon which Friedenshutten stood belonged to the Iroquois Nation, and it was from their council the Moravian Indians obtained permission to occupy that land. It was one of the principles of Indian nations to give homes and protection to smaller and weaker tribes with the intention of adopting them in order to strengthen their own, and no doubt this was the incentive

which induced the Iroquois Nation to give the Moravian Indians this land. The Iroquois soon found, however, that the principles of the Moravian Indians would prevent their helping them in time of war. When the Iroquois realized this fact they had no more use for the Moravians, and the result was the land upon which Friedenshutten stood was sold by the Iroquois to the British. When this bargain passed, the Moravian Indians were without a home they could call their own. Here we must leave our friends, however, and take a view of the land which was destined to be their future home.

The Delaware Nation of Indians occupied the eastern portion of Ohio and the Western part of Pennsylvania. They had formerly lived east of the Allegheny

mountains and were in power there when William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians about one hundred years before, but the whites forced them to retire to the West, and during the years 1765 to 1795, the Delaware Nation was at the height of its power in the Tuscarawas Valley.

To the south and west of the Delawares lived the Mingoes and Shawnees. To the north and northwest lived the Wyandots. A number of Mohicans were with the Delawares after 1772, but they were principally those who emigrated to that section with the Moravian Indians, and most of them were settled in the community of Gnadenhutten. This was simply their home by adoption.

The Delaware Nation was divided into three tribes, the Turtle, the Turkey, and

the Wolf. Each of these tribes supposed they were connected by some distant relationship with the animal after which their tribe was named. They supposed that the earth was supported on the back of an immense turtle, which was the father of the Turtle tribe, and reasoning in some manner not clear to me, they based upon that supposition the idea that the Turtle tribe was the superior one.

At the time of these events, 1770, Netawatwes was the peace chief or sachem of the Turtle tribe. Being the sachem of the most important tribe of the Delawares he was regarded as the head man in the Delaware Nation, and had charge of the records and wampum of the nation, among which were the wampum belts given his ancestors by William Penn. In Indian councils the sachem not only

presided over the meetings, but if he was a man of strong character he would decide many of the important questions himself. Netawatwes was a man of this character. In Indian councils he would ask the opinions of all the leading men of the tribes on the matter under consideration, and after each had expressed himself Netawatwes would give his decision on the question, after which there would seldom be further controversy. The whites called him "King Newcomer" (which name I will use hereafter in this history), and from that name the town in which he resided was called "Newcomerstown."

Newcomerstown was the capital of the Delaware Nation and the meeting place of their Grand Council. The town contained about one hundred log houses,

many of which were well constructed, and equal to those erected by the white settlers.

The principal war chief of the Turtle tribe and the confidential adviser of King Newcomer was White Eyes. This position was one of great importance, as the head war chief had not only in charge the conduct of the war when it existed, but he in a manner declared when war should exist. White Eyes was chosen for this position on account of his statesmanship, bravery, and patriotism, and the influence he could exert on the warriors. He was one the foremost men in the nation, and his oratorical powers, logical conclusions, and powers of persuasion were truly remarkable for a man who is considered a savage.

The Turkey tribe we do not hear so

much about in connection with the missions. At the time I have mentioned King Beaver was the head chief, and an Indian we shall hereafter know as Captain Johnny was his war chief. The capital of this tribe was southwest of Newcomerstown a number of miles on the Hockhocking river.

The Wolf tribe of the Delaware Nation is sometimes called the Monseys, and you will find that name used more often probably than the English interpretation "Wolf." However, to avoid confusion, we will use the English, and hence will continue to call this the "Wolf" tribe. Their capital was at Kaskaskunk, on the Big Beaver River, in Pennsylvania, just across the Ohio line. King Pakanke was the head chief of this tribe. Captain Pipe was his war chief, and later, became

the principal chief of that tribe. Captain Pipe was the opposite of White Eyes in many respects. While White Eyes was patriotic, Captain Pipe was selfishly ambitious. While White Eyes was striving to remain at peace with other nations and with the whites, Caytain Pipe, desiring to get a reputation as the foremost warrior in the land, was in favor of war on the slightest pretext.

Just about six years before, almost all the Indians east of the Mississippi were at war with the whites under the leadership of Pontiac. Captain Pipe was one of the Delaware chiefs who fought in that war. Before it ended, Colonel Boquet, an English officer, with an army of about fifteen hundred men marched to the Delaware country. The mere sight of an army of that size with glistening bay-

onets and deadly guns had the desired effect, and the Delawares were willing to make a treaty of peace. But Colonel Boquet feared treachery, and required a number of chiefs to be sent to Pittsburg with him as hostages. Captain Pipe and Captain Johnny were two of those selected. While White Eyes was willing to put confidence in the Americans, Captain Pipe, from some experiences had in Pittsburg with the whites, while a hostage, had his mind full of the wrongs the Indians were suffering at the hands of the white men, and mistrusted their every action.

One other man who belonged to the Wolf tribe, and to whom I want to introduce you, is Glikkikin. Before Captain Pipe had attained the appointment as war chief of the Wolf tribe,

Glikkikin held that position, and was the confidential adviser of King Pakanke. Glikkikin had not only the confidence of Pakanke, but of all the warriors. During Pontiac's War to which I have referred, Glikkikin's daring brought him fame which was spoken of in every Indian tribe east of the Mississippi. Then, he too, was not only a warrior, but an orator, and could sway the minds of his hearers in council, or change the opinion of individuals in conversation by his persuasive eloquence.

Zeisberger, the white missionary at Friedenshutten, and his helpers had been preaching to the Indians in the country a short distance from Kaskaskunk. Many Indians attended his preaching, and interest was awakened in the new religion. But the Indians had a religion

of their own. They believed in a happy hunting ground where they would go when they died, and believed that certain requirements were necessary on their part before they would be entitled to live in that country after death. Some of their religious practices seem foolish. One teaching was that the more they could vomit, the purer would be their souls. This, of course, was not a very healthful practice, for some of them who were religiously inclined took emetics continually, and nearly killed themselves in thus practicing their religion. But however foolish these practices might be, that was what they were taught, and that was the theory many of them believed. King Pakanke was a firm believer in this Indian theory of religion, and when he

heard of this new preacher inducing the Indians to forsake the Indian religion, he thought such preaching should be stopped. The old Indian was no doubt honest in his belief, for he had the idea that all other religions could be overthrown by argument. Glikkikin had never known defeat in debate. Frederick Post, the Moravian missionary, who accompanied Washington on his trip over the Allegheny Mountains to Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg) just at the beginning of the French and Indian War, had made a trip to the Tuscarawas Valley eight years before, and in his conversations with the Indians he became involved in a debate with Glikkikin. The Indians regarded Glikkikin as the victor in this contest. As Zeisberger was preaching the same doctrine taught

by Post, Pakanke requested Glikkikin to meet Zeisberger in debate and disclose the fallacies of the Christian religion. Glikkikin set out on this mission full of confidence in his power to combat any argument Zeisberger might offer. As he approached the hut in which Zeisberger was staying he decided to hear the missionary's argument first so he could the better prepare his answer. When he arrived at the door of the cabin, Zeisberger was not there, but the Indian Anthony, who had previously acknowledged Christianity received him. He gave him food as was the custom, and immediately began to explain the Christian religion. Glikkikin listened first with a feeling of contempt. Anthony was telling him something new, however, and his contempt

soon turned to a spirit of inquiry. When this spirit is aroused in a man, there is hope for a good cause. Glikkikin's inquiries were being satisfied when Zeisberger entered and further explained Christianity to him. His savage nature softened. His argument, intended to overthrow Christianity, could not answer the story of love. All he could say was "I believe your words," and Glikkikin, the great war captain, whose very name was a synonym of danger to his enemies, resolved to become a Christian. The energy he had intended to use against the gospel, he now determined to use to promote it.

It was not an easy matter to make such a decision and to carry it out. The teachings of one's fathers which have been handed down from generation to

generation are hard to forsake, and the conviction that it is one's duty to adopt another system must be strong indeed to overcome the teaching of childhood. A greater obstacle to overcome is the influence exerted by the living. When a man changes radically the habits of life, those who were former associates generally look upon him as an oddity. This is true in civilized life, and how much more so in savage life, where people are influenced by superstition.

Glikkikin returned to the capital. The news of his conversion, and what Pakanke thought was his defeat, preceded him. When they met, King Pakanke rebuked him severely for such conduct, but Glikkikin answered in a most determined manner that his intention was to follow the missionaries and their teach-

ings, and urged all his people to hear the gospel. In taking this stand he was compelled to resign his position as war chief, and Pakanke no longer regarded him as his confidential adviser. Captain Pipe succeeded him to these positions.

Glikkikin was a man who could be trusted. The warriors he had led in battle during Pontiac's War knew it. Although he had now turned from his former practices; was no longer their war chief, and was not now Pakanke's principal adviser, yet many were his true friends and loved him still. Then, too, the preaching of the missionaries continued, and others were converted, among them Captain Pipe's wife. The result was that in a council shortly after Glikkikins conversion, the majority of the councilors expressed a desire to have the

gospel preached to their people, and later their regard for Zeisberger led to his adoption into their tribe. Captain Pipe, however, from that time on was a leader of a faction of the Delawares opposed to the gospel.

Here we can take up the thread of our story of the mission at Friedenshutten, which we learned was about to be abandoned. Through the influence of Glikkikin the entire body of Moravian Indians was invited by the Wolf tribe to settle in their country. Many of them moved and built the town of Friedensstadt. This town, it will be remembered, was in Pennsylvania.

Zeisberger, however, desired to penetrate farther into the interior, so early in the spring of 1771 he, in company

REV. D. ZEISBERGER.

with Glikkikin and several other Indians, made his first visit to Ohio.

They stopped at Newcomerstown, and in the house of King Newcomer at this place, Zeisberger preached the first Protestant sermon delivered in the State of Ohio. Glikkikin also talked with the warriors, and before they left King Newcomer had invited them with the Moravian Indians to make their homes in the Tuscarawas Valley under the protection of the Delaware Nation. Our friends returned to Friedensstadt, however, without accepting the invitation.

At this time White Eyes was taking a very extended trip. He had some time before left Newcomerstown for New Orleans, and from there he sailed to New York, and then traveled across the

country through Philadelphia to Newcomerstown. In this trip he had seen something of the world outside his little savage circle, and his ideas of what constituted a nation were modified from what they had been previously. His ideas were broadened, and when the matter of the removal of the Christian Indians was presented to him on his return, both he and King Newcomer insisted that the missionaries move to their country, and sent messengers to Friedensstadt with renewed invitations.

Captain Pipe disliked to see the missions prosper. His ambition to become a distinguished warrior like Pontiac was hindered by the teachings of the missionaries. The faction of which he was the leader tried in every possible way to nullify the missionary influence. The

Moravians appealed to Pakanke, but Captain Pipe had gained so much influence in the tribe that the protection was refused, and when the second invitation came to move to the Tuscarawas Valley, the Moravian Indians determined to accept it.

In March, 1772, Zeisberger and Glikkikin set out for the Tuscarawas Valley a second time, this time to select a home. They reached the Tuscarawas River on their westward journey near the northern boundary of Tuscarawas County, and from that point they floated down the Tuscarawas in a canoe. One morning they came to a beautiful lake about a mile long, and running their canoes into it they found the location pleasing. They got out near a spring and explored the surrounding country more carefully. It was an ideal

place, and here Zeisberger determined to make his future home. The spring at which they first stopped seemed to suggest the name, so the future town was christened "Schoenbrunn."

Zeisberger and Glikkikin then visited the Indian government at Newcomerstown again to converse with the chiefs about obtaining the land they had selected. They found that the tract which Zeisberger thought so suitable was the one King Newcomer had also chosen for the site for a mission. On this occasion occurred a memorable meeting between White Eyes and Glikkikin. White Eyes, a savage, the war chief of the Turtle tribe and confidential adviser of King Newcomer, and Glikkikin, who had held similar offices in the Wolf tribe under King Pakanke, but who had resigned

them to lead a Christian life. They walked and talked alone together about religion and the future of their nation. Each found the other possessed the true qualities of manhood, and a bond of friendship was formed between them which was never broken.

Everything being satisfactorily arranged, Zeisberger and Glikkikin hastened back to Friedensstadt to bring the first colony of Moravians to Ohio. A few weeks later five families were on their way to the West, and on the 3rd of May, 1772, the town of Schoenbrunn was started with twenty-eight inhabitants. This band came earlier than their brethren to plant crops and prepare for the coming of those who had been left at home to make arrangements for moving their goods. They had many household arti-

cles to transport, as they had the same conveniences used by other civilized people. No household articles could be procured in the wilderness, for that term describes the country they were going to, and all the goods they desired were necessarily transported on horseback or by hand. Among the articles they desired to take with them was the old church bell which had so often called them to worship. It had been their pleasure to hear its echoing tones calling them to worship each morning before they began their daily work, and the custom became part of their lives. The bell was mounted on a platform, and four men were detailed to carry this one article. They had seventy head of cattle, and more than that number of horses to drive with them. The woods through which they traveled were

dense and full of swamps and undergrowth and the air full of sand flies. They started on the 11th of June and arrived at Schoenbrunn the following August.

Almost immediately after their arrival at Schoenbrunn they had a conference and drew up a set of rules for their government. The building of the church was next given special attention. It must be remembered that at that time saw mills were unknown in Ohio. If boards were wanted the quickest way to procure them was to roll a log on a platform and saw it lengthwise with a crosscut saw. If squared logs were wanted they were squared with an ax. Regardless of the labor thus necessary to build, they put special and first attention to their church in order to make it the most prominent

building in the town. It was of good size, built of squared logs, the roof was of split shingles, and the windows made of deer skins. Although this brief description may picture a very crude structure, yet, comparing it with the wilderness and bark huts and wigwams of the uncivilized Indians, the church was a prominent mark of civilization, and the Indians so regarded it. The old church bell which they had so cheerfully toiled to bring through the forest was hung in a small cupola on the church. On September 19, 1772, the chapel was dedicated, and on that day the first church bell ever rung in Ohio sent its musical peals echoing among the hills of Tuscarawas Valley. After the church, the school house was constructed, and then attention was put to building their pri-

vate houses, so, in time, Schoenbrunn contained more than sixty houses built of squared timber, besides a number of huts and lodges.

So far we have noted only two companies of emigrants to the settlement of Schoenbrunn. On the day before Schoenbrunn chapel was dedicated, a third company arrived under the leadership of Joshua, one of the earliest Indian converts who had been chosen as a helper to Zeisberger. These were Mohicans. Immediately after their arrival they selected a site near Canal Dover for their mission. King Netawatwes was not pleased with this selection, however, as he desired them to build south of Schoenbrunn at a place he and Zeisberger selected. So the colony moved from their their camp at Canal Dover, and on Octo-

ber 9, 1772, Joshua, the Mohican, began the construction of old Gnadenhutten. Here, too, their spirit of devotion was shown by building their chapel first, and then their homes. This colony also knowing that their settlement would be some distance from Schoenbrunn brought a bell for their own chapel.

In both Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhutten the inhabitants were all Christians. Although the savages were invited to visit the missions, yet it was one of their rules that no unbelieving Indian and no whites except their teachers should make the missions their regular home. Their fellowship was shown, not only by the fact that they toiled in common and that the income from their industry went into a

common fund, but it was shown in their dealings with all people.

When a traveler, white or Indian, Christian or unbelieving, passed through the missions, he was fed. Whenever any one in trouble made a request, if the circumstances would possibly permit, such request would be granted. So it was when war parties of Indians with prisoners would pass through these towns, every effort to secure their release, either by petition or the payment of ransom, would be made. Every day the church bell called them to morning prayers before the day's work began. Such was the daily life of the Moravian Indians.

Order, neatness, and industry were also required of all the inhabitants. The towns were laid out with broad streets, which were always kept

clean. Each house was surrounded by a picket fence. The gates and doors hung on wooden hinges, and the old time latch strings hung through a hole in the door, which when pulled inside the house answered all the requirements of a lock. Many of the inhabitants were farmers, and they had cleared some of the rich river bottoms on the western side of the Tuscarawas River where they raised corn, potatoes, and other crops and vegetables. They had large herds of hogs, cattle, and horses. Not all were farmers, however, as it was necessary that the trades should be represented also. Some were smiths, some carpenters, and some worked at other trades. Joshua, the Mohican who founded Gnadenhutten, was a cooper. He especially was ingenious with tools,

and had a reputation for building pretty canoes and making handsome gun stocks. At one time he made a spinnet for their chapel and he was the musician. The results were apparent. These examples of industry, order, happiness, and contentment were the silent forces which were changing the lives of the Indians who came in contact with the mission.

The principal trail used by the nations and tribes of Southern Ohio and Kentucky, in traveling north, passed through the Tuscarawas Valley. When the Indians made trips through this valley they would always stop at Newcomerstown to pay their respects to King Newcomer and his council, and from the novelty of the missions, and because the Moravian Indians had a reputation for hospitality, they would then visit Gnadenhutten and

Schoenbrunn. On such occasions the Moravian Indians would not only show by their examples their principles of living, but the missionaries or converts would stop their work to preach the gospel. All who thus visited these settlements were doubly impressed with Christianity, and the seeds were in this manner sown broadcast throughout the Indian country. Many of the head men of the nation joined the missions, among them Captain Johnny, who resigned his chiefship in the Turkey tribe to live with the Christians.

The energy of Zeisberger and his fellow workers was unbounded, however. As if the living examples, and the teaching those who came to the missions were not enough, frequent trips were made to the Indian towns of the surrounding

country. Newcomerstown especially was visited frequently, and here Glikkikin used his natural powers of oratory in discussing and explaining the religion he had adopted.

Other nations were also visited, among them the Shawnees.

As an item of interest in the history of the missions it is related that on July 4, 1773, John Lewis Roth was born at Gnadenhutten, of whom it is said that he was the first white child born in Ohio.

When Gnadenhutten was about two years old, a war occurred which tested the missions. It may be proper to explain that at this time the present States of Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and the part of Pennsylvania in which Pittsburg is situated, were claimed by Virginia, and went under the

name of Augusta County. Rather a modest name for such an extended territory we would now think. An English Lord, Dumore, was governor of Virginia, and was very anxious to colonize the country along the Ohio River with English. As I have before suggested, there was always contention on the borders of civilization which generally led to war, and it was so in this instance. The Indians along the Ohio, the Shawnees and Mingoes, did not trust the whites, and the whites mistrusted the Indians. Cornstalk was the head chief of the Shawnees, and Logan the war chief of the Mingoes. Both of these men were of more than ordinary foresight and statesmanship. Both were friends of the white people, and although they were not Christians, they endeavored to keep their warriors

at peace with their white neighbors. It so happened, however, that two Cherokee Indians from the south came to visit Schoenbrunn in the spring of 1774. When they were returning to their home they met two white traders with whom they got into trouble, and the brawl ended in the murder of the traders. This act was the commencement of Dunmore's war. The white settlers in the vicinity in a spirit of revenge, made an attack on a number of Indian families, and among those killed was the entire family of the Mingo Chief Logan. This act made Logan's friendship for the whites turn to hate, and with a man of such influence in favor of war, the Indians could not be restrained. The entire Shawnee tribe and the greater part of the Mingo tribe went on the war path, and on October

10, 1774, the famous battle of Point Pleasant was fought by the Indians under Cornstalk and Logan, and the Virginians under Colonel Lewis. It is stated that this battle waged all day, and some historians claim it was the fiercest Indian battle ever fought.

Returning to the Tuscarawas Valley, the war spirit of the Delawares was aroused by the knowledge that their brothers were fighting in the south. White Eyes, with the help of Glikkikin and the missionaries, did all he could to maintain peace, and to keep his own people from engaging in the war. It was rumored, however, that Lord Dunmore intended to raid the Tuscarawas Valley and capture Newcomerstown and perhaps Gnadenhutten and Schoenbrunn, and the brave White Eyes started for the

seat of war alone, determined to prevent such a move if possible. He met Lord Dunmore, argued with him on his plan of invading the Tuscarawas Valley, and finally persuaded him that such a proceeding would not result in good, so Lord Dunmore ordered his men to return to Virginia while he negotiated a treaty of peace. All was confusion in the Tuscarawas Valley while White Eyes was away. A large band of them were preparing for war which they thought was imminent, but when White Eyes returned and told them the success of his undertaking, quiet was again restored.

Zeisberger and Glikkikin had made two visits to the Shawnees before the war of 1774, but apparently no impression had been made upon them. Early in the spring of 1775 Chief Cornstalk, the leader

in the war just closed, and the hero of the battle of Point Pleasant, came to Gnadenhutten with thirty persons. The kindness with which he was received, and the object lesson of an Indian town advanced in civilization as was Gnadenhutten, had an effect on his mind, which it seems the preaching in his own country did not have. He attended the chapel service regularly, and although he is not classed as one of the converts, probably because he did not join the missions, yet, his subsequent life shows a change in his character. A year later he called again, and this time brought one hundred of his people to hear the gospel. In parting he took Mr. and Mrs. Schmick, the resident missionaries at Gnadenhutten, by the hand and feelingly thanked them for the great kindness shown his people, and formally

adopted them in his tribe. This, perhaps, was the last visit of the great Chief Cornstalk to Gnadenhutten, although the following spring he came as far as Newcomerstown to consult with White Eyes on the question of war. The Revolutionary War had begun. The English on the one side were endeavoring to obtain the Indians as allies, and the Americans on the other side were endeavoring to keep them at peace. Early in this struggle the Iroquois Nation joined the British, and their influence spread towards the West. The Shawnees, under Cornstalk, and the Delawares, under the influence of White Eyes, remained neutral. The British agents were pressing the matter very hard, and many of both tribes desired to join in the conflict. In the interests of peace, Cornstalk resolved to

visit the garrison at Point Pleasant with two or three of his friends. They went. Cornstalk, in his straightforward manner which had been strengthened at least by his visits to Gnadenhutten, told the American commander of the great desire of his people to go to war again, and asked for advice to keep them neutral. The captain commanding, instead of giving Cornstalk the advice he sought, or at least sending him back to his tribe to continue to use his influence for peace, adopted the policy of making Cornstalk a prisoner to be kept as a hostage for the good behavior of his tribe. Very soon after, a white man was killed in the vicinity of the fort, and mad with rage, a party of men, friends of the unfortunate one, rushed to the fort where they knew Cornstalk was kept a prisoner, and with-

out harrowing your minds with the manner, they killed him. Cornstalk had strong affection for a son who was visiting him at the time, and they died side by side without making an effort at self-defense. To show you the evident change which his visits to Gnadenhutten made, I quote his last words: "My son, the Great Spirit has seen fit that we should die together and has sent you here to that end. It is his will, let us submit—it is all for the best." To the credit of the Americans it should be stated that the Governor of Virginia offered a reward for the apprehension of those who murdered Cornstalk, but it availed nothing, for they were never punished.

The Shawnees, stung to the heart at the death of their beloved chief in this

manner, joined the British against the Americans.

We will now return to the Tuscarawas Valley. During these troubles the Delawares continued at peace and the missions prospered. At the close of 1775 there were over four hundred converts. The work being extended in this manner other missionaries were needed. John Heckewelder was sent to help in the work even before the establishment of Gnadenhutten. Heckewelder had visited the Tuscarawas Valley as early as 1762 with Post, but on account of Pontïac's war they were compelled to leave. While here, however, Heckewelder found a fast friend in White Eyes. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Roth, Mr. and Mrs. Schmick, and Mr. and Mrs. Jungman, moved to the mission. King

Newcomer also was impressed with the necessity of giving them more land. He was a magnanimous old fellow, and supported by the equal magnanimity of White Eyes, the Moravian Indians were given the land along the Tuscarawas River to below Newcomerstown. In making this gift it was necessary to remove the Delaware capital, which was thereafter located at Coshocton. The spring following this removal King Newcomer died. Kilbuck, his son, took his father's position, but White Eyes remained the head war chief and the confidential adviser of Kilbuck, and was regarded as the principal man in the tribe. He was the chief in fact, if not in name.

But we hasten on. This time we stop at 1777. The Revolutionary war had

progressed, and all the tribes surrounding the Delaware Nation had joined the British, but the Delawares, influenced by having the missions in their country, and by the strong, peaceful, and Christianlike character of White Eyes, remained at peace, although the war had now been waging for more than two years. Opposed to White Eyes and the missions we have Captain Pipe, whom we know as the chief of the Wolf tribe. He was a shrewd politician as well as a warrior, and at this time the circumstances were peculiarly fitting for him to increase his following, and he was not slow in making use of it. He used every opportunity which presented itself, and the war and peace factions of the nation grew to be so nearly equal in strength and numbers that the victories of either

side were won by the smallest majorities, and, sometimes, when the question of peace or war was presented, peace was maintained by remarkable occurrences. Zeisberger and others who were interested in the missions knew if the Delaware Nation joined in the war, the missions would soon be broken up, the little band of Christians scattered, and the work of Christianizing the Delaware nation would be practically terminated. The principal fear of the savage Delawares, and the argument which seemed to have the greatest influence upon them, was that the Americans would not be successful, and for their own protection they desired to be with the winning side at the close of the conflict. They knew the British were the stronger, and naturally thought it probable the stronger would win.

There were no telephones, telegraphs, or railroads in those days, and the stage lines were not in existence west of the Allegheny mountains. All news was necessarily brought by private carrier, generally on horseback. No news of the war in the East had been heard for some time, and the condition of affairs in the Tuscarawas Valley was getting somewhat critical from this circumstance of uncertainty. It was therefore determined to send a messenger to the East. It was now August, 1777, and it was not probable that a messenger could make the trip and return to Gnadenhutten before fall. John Shebosh, who was connected with the Gnadenhutten Mission, was selected to make the trip, and John Heckewelder went with him to pay a visit to his friends in the East. Heckewelder in-

tended to return the following spring and bring the news of what had transpired during the winter.

Captain White Eyes, who at this time lived in his little cabin at White Eyes Plains, a short distance below Newcomerstown, heard of the intention of Heckewelder and Shebosh to make this journey. Immediately on receiving this information he hurried to Heckewelder to offer the services of himself and some of his Indian friends to escort him safely as far as Pittsburg, "For," he said, "The Wyandots are at war and scouring the country between here and Pittsburg, and it is not safe for you two white men to travel alone." The escort was accepted. So Heckewelder, Shebosh, White Eyes, and several other Indians started through the dismal forest for Pittsburg, and from

there Heckewelder and Shebosh continued their journey alone, over the mountains towards the east.

In the meantime the war faction did not cease its clamorings. Captain Pipe, with his gift of eloquence, was on every opportune occasion advancing the British cause, while White Eyes favored the Americans, or rather, favored neutrality. It is true White Eyes was supported by the missionaries, by Glikkikin, and others of the Christian Indians in this stand, but with all that there was room for fear as to the final outcome, as their neighbors had all gone on the war path, and their influence was assisting Captain Pipe. Events had reached such a crisis that peace was kept only by the power of persuasion on the part of White Eyes.

The fall of 1777 came and passed away.

The winter of 1777–78 came, and also was drawing to its close, but neither Shebosh nor Heckewelder had returned.

Although the war chiefs usually decided whether or not war should be declared, yet as is done by officials of the present day, they desired to take no action disapproved by a majority of the people. Councils were called to determine the state of feeling existing in the tribe on certain subjects so the head men could act accordingly.

It was the custom of all Indian tribes to choose the spring for beginning war. The near approach of spring was in Captain Pipe's favor, and as the messengers did not return he determined to push the question of war to the front once more and make his best efforts, and through his influence the great council of the

Delaware Nation was summoned to meet at Coshocton, the new capital, in February, 1778. The Indians of this nation gathered from far and near. The object of the council was known, and the question of war or peace was of the utmost importance.

On the day appointed they gathered around the council fire, and Captain Pipe, as the leader of the war movement addressed them. He recited the wrongs they had sustained at the hands of the whites. He reminded them of the fact that all the surrounding nations were at war with the Americans, even their old friends, the Shawnees, and explained the position they occupied in the midst of nations in conflict, not only bearing the brunt of the battle and having their motives discredited by other tribes, but that at any

time, either the British or the Americans were liable to capture them and destroy their nation. There seemed to be so much truth in what Captain Pipe was saying that regardless of the fact that behind it all his object was the gratification of a selfish ambition, his hearers were in sympathy with his effort. He noted that fact and gained confidence as he proceeded, and in his final appeal he denounced every person who opposed immediate war as an enemy of the nation, and declared that every such person should be branded as a coward.

Every Indian in that council knew the opinion White Eyes held on that subject, and every man knew that White Eyes, as leader of the peace faction would make a defense if one were possible, and the vast majority of those present deter-

mined to follow the leader who won in this contest of debate.

White Eyes was equal to the occasion. He had studied the interests of the nation from his youth, and the laws of cause and effect were as clear to him as to many statesmen of the present day. He wanted to see his people prosper, and he knew the only way to accomplish that end was to adopt civilization, and to avoid war except in case of self defense, which he thought had not yet arrived. He arose to his feet. All was quiet in expectancy. No doubt many Christians in that council were trembling for him. The faithful Glikkikin was there, and I can imagine him uttering a silent prayer for White Eyes' success. But nature had favored White Eyes. There he stood, calm, dignified, self-possessed, a savage Indian,

and yet, one of nature's noblemen, pleading for the cause of American independence, for the welfare of his nation, and for the safety of the missions. He began where Captain Pipe had finished, and referred to the charge of cowardice which was intended for him in taking the stand he did. He recalled the past, when he had led many of them in battle, and although he was not in favor of war now, yet, if war was the will of the council, he would go, and he would challenge any of them to dare follow where he led. He referred to the kind treatment the commandant at Pittsburg had given them in times past, to the self-sacrificing labors of the missionaries in their midst, which was only for the good of the Indians, and with an argument which might have done credit to a Webster or

a Pitt, he exposed the fallacies indulged in by his opponent, Captain Pipe, and awakened in the savage breasts a desire for peace. The friends of the peace policy were so numerous after White Eyes' speech that Captain Pipe was again in despair.

But, although the victory seemed to belong to White Eyes in this instance, the contest was not finally won. Captain Pipe was defeated in argument, it is true, but at that juncture, Simon Girty arrived. Simon Girty was a white man He had been taken captive among the Indians with his two brothers when a child, and had grown up with the savages. He was cunning, naturally, and sad to say, he did not have much moral principle. He was adopted by the Seneca tribe in New York. He soon became a leader

among the Indians, grew to love war, and when he could induce them to plunder and murder, he would do so. At the beginning of the Revolutionary war he was undecided as to which side he would join. The American commandant at Pittsburg was in need of an Indian interpreter, and Girty was pursuaded to join the Americans in that capacity. This work was not bloody enough for him, however, and in the spring of 1778 he turned traitor to the Americans, and with a small body of Indians left Pittsburg, going towards the Tuscarawas Valley. He arrived in Gnadenhutten, and hearing of the council in session at Coshocton he went to that place. Captain Pipe told him of his defeat. The designing minds of these two evil men then began anew to work. A report was started

that the British had won victory after victory over the Americans who had been driven over the mountains, and were on their way to drive the Indians from the Ohio country. This report was not in accord with what White Eyes had told them in council, and here was a messenger, Simon Girty, who came direct from Pittsburg, who affirmed its truth. Under such a state of facts it seemed the Delaware Nation must go to war to protect itself, and the war spirit was again aroused.

White Eyes did not believe Girty's statement. He affirmed this belief to his followers again and again, but he had no proof to offer. Argument could not save them this time, it must be proof. If Shebosh or Heckewelder would only arrive all might be well, but, suppose

Girty's story was true. Then Heckewelder and Shebosh might be captured and never come. They had been gone six months already, and may have been captured or killed. The Delawares might be surprised by a night attack by the Americans and their villages destroyed before they could assume the defensive. These were the thoughts in the minds of the Indians. White Eyes realized the position. His lasting faith in the Americans, with all these surmises, was strong, and his love for his nation and the missions showed the highest patriotism. When the war spirit reached the point where he saw it could no longer be restrained, he asked that ten days be allowed for preparation before starting the war parties. The council agreed. Ten days, no more, in which to hope for news

from the east, and if it did not come there was to be war.

While these days are passing, let us leave the scenes in Ohio and note the events in the East which had just transpired. The year 1777 had been a most eventful one in the history of the Revolution. On January 3d of that year Washington's forces, with the victory of Trenton of ten days before fresh in their minds, met the British at Princeton, and gained another victory. General Lafayette from France, Baron de Kalb, a military leader from Germany, and Baron Steuben, a military engineer from Prussia had joined the American army and lent their experience and energy to the cause of American independence. At Bennington, in August, the British, two thousand strong, were met by a small body of

Green Mountain boys under Colonel John Stark, and after the battle the army of the British numbered less than two hundred, and the Americans held the field. The greatest victory of all was the surrender of Burgoyne. His grand army of fourteen thousand strong had dwindled down to six thousand by the skirmishing tactics of the Americans, and these surrendered to General Gates at Saratoga. In these battles I have mentioned, the number of British who were captured or surrendered were about one-third of the entire British army in America. This was the news in the East. This was the information Shebosh was to carry to the waiting warriors on the banks of the Tuscarawas, which if brought in time would mean peace. If not, it would mean war for the Delaware Nation, loss

of life for an imagined wrong, the abandonment of the missions in the Tuscarawas Valley, and another strong enemy for our fathers, struggling for their independence, to overcome.

But Shebosh was delayed and could not start in the fall as he intended. Then the winter of 1777–78 came on in all its severity. That was the winter Washington's army spent at Valley Forge, and to describe the extreme cold would simply be repeating to you a known fact of history which all historians of the Revolutionary war dwell upon. Shebosh was compelled to remain in the East until spring, and it seemed spring would never come.

Winter began to break the latter part of February so a journey could be attempted. It was then full six months

since Heckewelder and Shebosh had left Gnadenhutten. The tribes of New York and Pennsylvania were on the war path, and the trip must be made under the greatest danger. No news had reached Gnadenhutten for so long, and the importance of the trip was so evident that the patriotism of Heckewelder, and his self-sacrificing love for the missions induced him to volunteer for the trip. Shebosh determined to go with him. His wife and children were in Gnadenhutten, and the ties of home and dear ones were incentive enough for him to face the dangers, so they set out towards Pittsburg.

On their way they saw signs of destruction everywhere. Severe as the winter had been, the Wyandots had made attacks on the lonely settlers, and

those they did not kill they had driven from home. On many a deserted cabin door was written with chalk or charcoal, "Travelers, avoid this road, the Indians are out murdering us."

I will not dwell longer on this trip to Pittsburg. The fort was reached in safety. Colonel Hand, the commandant, greeted them kindly, and in exchange for the news they brought, told them of the desertion of Girty and his band, and of their going in the direction of Gnaddenhutten. Colonel Hand anticipated Girty's object to be to stir up the Indians throughout the West, and feared the Delawares were already on the war path. If they were not, there was one hope left, and that was to send a messenger who would give the true story of the condition of affairs to the Indians, for it was

rightfully presumed that Girty would misrepresent the condition to suit his purpose. Not one of the garrison at the fort would volunteer for the trip, as it was so full of danger, and Colonel Hand would not draft a man for such an undertaking. Heckewelder and Shebosh declared their intention of going to Gnadenhutten. Colonel Hand, moved with sympathy for what he thought a sacrifice of their lives, told them not to venture. Heckewelder, with his love for Zeisberger and the other missionaries; Shebosh, with his love for his family, and both with a love for the missions and a desire to do anything in their power to protect them, expressed their calm determination to undertake the trip. Girty, however, had been gone about two weeks and he was a man of action. So Hecke-

welder and Shebosh were supplied with fresh horses, and started. You have read of famous rides. The ride of Paul Revere when warning the people of the approach of the British was heroic, but he was riding through a community of friends. Sheridan's ride has been immortalized, but there was no enemy between him and his army. But here are two riders on whose skill and success depended the peace or war of a nation. They were to ride through a country infested with Indians who were killing the whites wherever they met them. Their ride was through a wilderness, and instead of being only twenty miles away from their intended destination, they were over one hundred miles away. Their ride has not been commemorated in verse, and possibly some of you have never

heard of it before, even in prose. Not that I would detract from the fame of Paul Revere or Phil Sheridan by the comparison, for they deserve the credit they receive, but I would that my readers should know of the heroic riders of the Tuscarawas Valley.

At Coshocton the first day after the agreement to wait ten days passed, but no news came. The second day passed, still no news. The third day passed, the fourth day, the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh arrived, but still no news. The Wyandot warriors, under their head chief, Half King, knew of the situation of affairs, and wanted the Delawares to join them in a body so they could march against the Americans in force. They desired also to impress the Moravian Indians of their strength and purpose, and

so they selected as the site for their encampment a hill, northwest of Gnadenhutten, known since as "Bluff Hill," where they, too, were waiting for the morning of the tenth day. Captain Pipe was rejoicing. He pictured to himself his future. If he overcame White Eyes in this contest, which seemed probable, he would be recognized as the leading war chief of the Delaware tribe—an honor which among the Indians was the height of their ambition to attain. Among his men and those who had forsaken the hope of peace, all was activity. Tomahawks were sharpened, and they were painting themselves for the final dance, which was to take place before the march. Zeisberger and the faithful Glikkikin were on the ground to hold back, if possible, the onrushing tide of

war, and to uphold White Eyes with their prayers and presence. But now, even White Eyes was beginning to lose hope. His love for his nation was true patriotism. His motto was: "My country, may she ever be right, but right or wrong, my country forever."

The seventh day passed without news, the eighth was fast passing, the last dance was ready to proceed, and every sound seemed to proclaim War! War! War! Was all lost? Were the prayers of Glikkikin to be of no avail, and the plans and hopes of White Eyes and the life work of Zeisberger and his fellow missionaries to be destroyed in one brief day? It seemed so. Zeisberger, sick with anxiety for the future of his beloved missions retired from the scene to Lichtenau, a branch mission about two

miles from Coshocton, which was established shortly after the Delaware capital was moved. Glikkikin, who immediately after he was converted answered his king that where the brethren go, there will I go, was as determined as ever in that course, and intended to follow Zeisberger to the last. Zeisberger retired in secret to pray, and Glikkikin, hardly knowing where he was going, probably strolled towards the road which led from Gnadenhutten to Coshocton. Other Indians were along the road, as that was the one over which the warriors would no doubt start. Suddenly the keen ear of the Indian caught a sound like that of a horse on a gallop. He listened. It became more and more distinct, and now he saw a man coming on horseback. He came closer. It was

John Heckewelder with the messages of victory. He had ridden since leaving Pittsburg for three days and two nights. When he arrived at Gnadenhutten he saw the Wyandots camped on "Bluff Hill." He learned from the Moravian Indians the state of affairs at Coshocton, and leaving Shebosh at home with his family he took for his escort John Martin, one of the Indian helpers, rode on to Coshocton and arrived there just on the eve of the departure of the warriors.

No time was to be lost, and Heckewelder knew it, for merely giving a passing greeting he hurried on towards the town. When he arrived there he met White Eyes and greeted him, but White Eyes did not answer. Anticipating from what he had heard at Pittsburg and Gnadenhutten as to what was on their

minds he stood up in his stirrups and addressed them. He told them of the American victories, of the good will the Americans retained for them, and of the papers he had brought as evidence. White Eyes' faith in his American brothers immediately returned. A council was summoned. The war beat of the drum which for the past twenty-four hours had not ceased, making the hearts of the Indians throb with thoughts of valor, was now changed to summoning a council. The warriors gathered. To introduce the matter to the council White Eyes arose, and in a speech in which he searched the very hearts of his hearers, he closed by asking, "Shall we, my friends and relatives, listen once more to those who call us brethren?" A general shout of approval arose and Heckewelder was called

upon to address them. He took the papers from his saddle bag, read the letters from the American officers giving assurances of good will towards them, and ended his talk by translating an account of Burgoyne's surrender.

Then White Eyes, filled with emotion at the occurronce, jumped to his feet again, and called attention to the evident object of Girty's deception, and that the English, knowing the destructful character of war were continually pressing upon them to fight, while the Americans advised them not to take up the hatchet against either side, but to remain at peace, and waving aloft the paper containing the account of Burgoyne's surrender he exclaimed, "See, my friends, this paper contains the truth." Ere this the warriors recognized Girty's trickery, and many of the war

party, so numerous before, chagrined at being thus deceived, were in favor of maintaining peace. Heckewelder was the hero of the hour. White Eyes stepped up and shaking hands with him said, "you are welcome with us, brother," and the vast majority of the councilors followed the example. Girty and Half King saw the course events had taken against them, and with their bands, left on marauding expeditions. Captain Pipe with his disgruntled followers retired from the scene. He did not at that time go on the war path, but he continued secretly to oppose the Americans.

Colonel Hand, the commandant at Pittsburg at this time, desired to follow up the victory thus won by White Eyes, Heckewelder and Zeisberger by making a treaty of peace with the Delawares, so

he sent dispatches to Zeisberger, White Eyes and other leaders among the Indians regarding the matter. Zeisberger and White Eyes were in favor of the project, so a number of prominent chiefs went to Pittsburg where they met Andrew and Thomas Lewis, the commissioners appointed by Congress to negotiate with them. On September 17, 1778, the treaty was prepared and signed. This was the first treaty made by the United States as a nation with any Indian nation or tribe. White Eyes, who was considered the leader of the Delawares had the honor of being the first to sign it. The only other signatures on the part of the Indians are those of Kilbuck, the son of King Newcomer, who succeeded his father as sachem of the Delawares, and Captain Pipe. Although

Captain Pipe's name appears on the treaty, it is very evident his true sentiments were not expressed in it, for his subsequent acts show that he still remained an enemy to the Americans.

The treaty first recited the fact of the mutual forgiveness of all offenses committed by either party in the past, and that its object was a perpetual peace. During the war then in progress, the United States was to have the privilege of free passage through the Delaware country to forts or towns of their enemies, and to be allowed to construct a fort in the Delaware country. The United States was to guarantee to the Delawares the privilege of keeping the land they then possessed, and the Delaware Nation was to invite other tribes to join them and from a State which should have

JOHN HECKEWELDER.

representatives in Congress when the latter body approved of the step. This had been one of the dreams of White Eyes, as he desired to see his people grow into a great nation like the one he had seen in his travels, and it was his ambition to be at the head of it. This, it seemed, was never to be.

Although peace was maintained so long by the force of character of White Eyes, it could not last. After the treaty at Pittsburg, while White Eyes was with General McIntosh at Bolivar (the Americans were building Fort Laurens at that place in accordance with the treaty), White Eyes took the small pox, and just two months after the treaty was signed, he died. The leadership of the peace faction fell upon Kilbuck. He did not possess the powerful magnetism and

influence of either his father or of White Eyes, and the first storm of war which broke, swept the Delaware Nation into the conflict as an enemy of the Americans. The Moravian Indians and a small remnant of the peace faction of the Delawares which remained loyal to Kilbuck, and which moved from Coshocton back to Newcomerstown where Kilbuck made his headquarters, were alone in the great West in their policy for peace.

From the death of White Eyes dates the persecution of the missionaries and converts at the Moravian missions. Bands of Shawnees, Wyandots and Delawares in their marauding expeditions would make it an object to pass through Gnadenhutten and to encamp for a time at that place. They would demand supplies for their warriors, and the converts

were compelled to furnish them for fear of loosing their lives. Not content with having their wants supplied, the warriors would destroy property for the mere gratification of their own sensual pleasure, and annoy the converts in every possible manner. The worst enemies of the missions seemed to be their own countryman, Captain Pipe and the trio of renegades, Simon Girty, Elliott and McKee, all three white men who were more than "Indian" in their savage nature. In one instance Girty, with a party of nine Mingo warriors, waylaid Zeisberger with an intention to capture or kill him, but as they were in the act of committing the deed, two Delaware Indians, who knew Zeisberger well, saw what was about to take place, and interfered, thus saving his life. On another occasion

Heckewelder was on his way to Salem where he was to hold a meeting, when one of Captain Pipe's band attempted to take his life, but the sexton of the church, an old Indian named Tobias, came at that moment to call Heckewelder to the chapel, and frightened the would-be-murderer away.

The Americans observed the fact that many Indians made the Tuscarawas Valley their rendezvous, and planned to send an expeditien there under Colonel Broadhead. Colonel Broadhead centered his army at Wheeling, West Virginia, and by a sudden maneuver pushed into the interior and captured and destroyed the Indian capital at Coshocton. He then marched to Newcomerstown. The missionaries, who were further up the river heard of his coming, and went to New-

comerstown, where they met Colonel Broadhead. The situation was explained and he recognized the fact that the inhabitants of Newcomerstown, Gnadenhutten, and Schoenbrunn were not enemies of the Americans. He had no desire to interfere with them, so he left. Immediately after he left, however, a large army of Delaware Indians, under chief Pachgantschihilas, arrived at Gnadenhutten and demanded its surrender. Just then a rumor spread that the Americans knew of their presence at Gnadenhutten and were returning to capture them, so the Delawares hastily left the town.

The Tuscarawas Valley thus becoming fighting ground, and the Moravian Indians and their friends refusing allegiance to the British cause when all other In-

dians were their allies, and the presence of the Americans at Fort Laurens and elsewhere led the commandant in charge of the British post at Detroit to consider the Moravian Indians as American spies, and he determined to have the missions broken up. He called the Iroquois Nation into council and expressed his desire of having the missions destroyed, and placed the matter into their hands to be performed in any way they chose. The Iroquois Nation desired to obey the British, but they knew of no cause for such action, and desiring to shift the responsibility for the crime, they directed the Chippewa and Ottawa tribes to do the work. But they, although allies of the British, warriors and savages, declined. They declared that they would fight their enemies but not their friends, and that

the Moravian Indians had always befriended them. The Iroquois next requested the Wyandots to dispose of them. Half King, their leader, at first refused to be connected with any such scheme. Captain Pipe and Captain Elliott were with him, however, and they insisted on accepting the proposition of the Iroquois, and "doing away" with the missions. At last Half King consented to remove them peaceably to his own country which would satisfy the British, no doubt, and would save the Moravian Indians probably from a worse fate.

The plan was to be put into effect in the fall of 1781, and in August of that year an army of about three hundred Indians marched to Gnadenhutten and encamped at that town. This army was composed principally of Wyandot war-

riors under Half King and a number of dissatisfied Delawares under Captain Pipe. Captain Elliott, one of the trio of renegades, was also with them to make suggestions as to what he thought proper movements.

Half King at first determined to use peaceful measures in accomplishing the removal of the Moravian Indians, and called them into council to have them determine the advisability of leaving. Arguments were advanced by Half King, Captain Pipe and Elliott, but the converts refused to leave. Their corn was ripening, and their vegetables would soon be ready to gather. They had everything in plenty at Gnadenhutten, and they thought it meant starvation to go into an entirely new country, which was probably barren and cold, to spend

the winter. They pleaded for just time to gather their crops, and promised that when winter came they would consider more favorably the proposition of moving.

Half King saw the reasonableness of such a request and was willing to grant the favor. Captain Pipe and Captain Elliott, however, did not view the matter with regard to the welfare of the Moravian Indians, and urged Half King to insist on their leaving. Their influence was not confined to merely persuading Half King to take peremptory measures, but it extended to the warriors as well, and the destruction of property, and cruelties practiced on the Moravians by these savages was in effect forcing them to submit.

At this time a niece of Glikkikin was visiting her mother and relatives at

Gnadenhutten. She saw the danger the Moravian Indians were in, and although she had come with the warriors and seemed to be their friend, she now determined to go to Pittsburg to inform the Americans of what was transpiring. She was a good rider, so unnoticed, she took Captain Pipe's favorite horse, the fleetest in the valley, and started for Pittsburg. She was not gone long before Captain Pipe missed his horse, and then her absence was discovered. These two facts were immediately connected, and it was presumed that she had left to notify the Americans. Swift riders were sent after her, and Captain Pipe, whose hatred towards Glikkikin was still active, directed twelve of his men to bring Glikkikin to him, dead or

alive. He blamed Glikkikin for the work of his niece.

Heckewelder had started a little settlement called Salem near the present town of Port Washington, the year before, and there they found Glikkikin. They made him a prisoner, and brought him to Gnadenhutten.

Our rider to Pittsburg was overtaken and captured, but by her prowess she escaped a second time and made her way to Pittsburg. This unsuccessful attempt to keep the news from the Americans at Pittsburg was another argumeut for speedy action on the part of the Wyandots. They were now in danger of being captured themselves, and desired to retire north to their own country as speeily as possible to avoid any such results. Goaded with the taunts of Captain Pipe

and Captain Elliott that if his army retreated without capturing the Moravian Indians, they would become the laughing stock of other nations, Half King directed that the missionaries and converts be made prisoners, and that the march toward the north should take place as soon as possible. The order was put into effect on September 11, 1781, and the Wyandot and Delaware armies started north with the Moravian Indians as prisoners of war, and they were thus compelled to turn their backs to their own homes. In speaking of this occurrence Heckewelder says: "Never did the Christian Indians leave a country with more regret. Three beautiful settlements, Gnadenhutten, Schoenbrunn, and Salem, were now to be forsaken, together with many of their young cattle that were in

the woods, with some hundred head of hogs, and at least three hundred acres of corn, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, etc, were now lost to them, together with books that were burnt, many of which were for the instruction of the youth."

I will not relate the sufferings of the march, but suffice to say that just one month after starting we find our Moravian friends in the wilderness near Sandusky. Here the Wyandot army disbanded, the warriors returned to their homes, and the leaders of the expedition to Detroit to spend the winter. The few supplies the Moravian Indians brought were soon exhausted. There was no game in the country and no other means of support for them. The settlers who had corn for sale asked a dollar for three or four quarts, but the Indians had no money

with which to buy. The women endeavored to dig edible roots, but the ground was frozen, and, if they expected to find a barren wilderness, their expectations were more than realized. From this necessity some of the Indians were sent back to Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhutten to obtain corn, but the road was a hard, dangerous, and long one. To travel one way required from five to six days, and the meager facilities for transportation prevented them from bringing a sufficient supply. The diary of Zeisberger is full of the sufferings of this winter. The savages seemed pleased at the state of affairs, for they said, "Now you are on a level with us." In this condition they wandered from one place to another trying to find a location for the winter where they might at least have wood for

fires. They finally settled at a place we now know as Captive's Town. Here they built another church and a few huts for the winter.

Time passed on with scant food, scant clothing, far away from where they could obtain either, and in a strange country and with a cold winter, until February, 1782, when a number resolved once more to visit their old homes to get corn. Following out this resolution a band of about one hundred and fifty under the leadership of John Shebosh started. They took all their horses along so they could carry as much corn back with them as possible.

The trip to the old settlements was made without any special event of interest. On arrival, the band divided into detachments, one going to Schoenbrunn,

one to Salem, and the other remained at Gnadenhutten, all working toward the common end of procuring corn to carry back to Captive's Town.

Early in March, after this band had started for the Tuscarawas Valley, plans were arranged for the removal of the camp or settlement at Captive's Town to Fremont, then known as Lower Sandusky.

Those remaining at Captive's Town were glad and ready to make the change excepting for the fact that their people at the old settlements had their horses, and there was no way to move the few goods brought with them when they left the Tuscarawas Valley the fall before. They also desired that all the Moravian Indians go with them. Messengers were sent to the Tuscarawas Valley to hasten

their return, but as these messengers were gone for some days and did not return, still others were sent.

The savage Indians during the winter of 1781–'82 had committed many depredations, and the boarder settlements in Pennsylvania and Virginia were in continual danger. The occupants of the lonely cabins which formed the outposts of civilization were compelled to leave their homes, and many of them were murdered. Among the latter was Mrs. Wallace and her child, who were at that time living near the Ohio River. While her husband was absent the horrible deed was committed. This condition of affairs called for severe measures on the part of the settlers, and the knowledge that a near friend or relative had been killed by the Indians worked the spirit of re-

venge to a frenzy. After the murders were committed the savages would retreat towards the West, and a wrong idea prevailed among some that the Moravian Indians were the principal actors in these outrages, and others believed their settlements in the Tuscarawas Valley to be the starting point of these expeditions, and that those Indians, if not the principals in such affairs, were at least responsible for them. The frontier settlers in Pennsylvania and Virginia determined to break up these missions, and to proceed as far as Sandusky, if necessary, to destroy the entire band of Moravian Indians.

This company of men who took the matter in hand is sometimes known as Pennsylvania militia, but it is proper to say that there was no regularly organ-

ized company which derived authority from the United States, or the States of Pennsylvania or Virginia. On the other hand, the United States officials had always been friendly to the Moravians. In the fall of 1781, at the time when the first journey was made from Captive's Town to the Tuscarawas Valley for corn, Shebosh and five Moravian Indians were captured by whites and taken to Pittsburg as prisoners of war. Colonel Gibson, the commandant at that post at that time, promptly released them.

The resolution to destroy the Moravian settlements originated in a little frontier town in Pennsylvania, and immediately upon the suggestion a number of men decided to go. Colonel David Williamson was chosen the commander of the expedition, and immediately after the

plan was formed, those favoring it took up their march towards Gnadenhutten. On the march, a number of adventurers who enjoyed killing Indians simply for sport joined them. In this manner the company increased to about two hundred men. It is stated that many who joined this expedition did not tell their own family of the purpose of the trip, or where they were going. As it was purely a volunteer company, each man furnished his own ammunition, arms, and provisions, and those who were mounted furnished their own horses.

The Indians at Gnadenhutten had some knowledge of the temper of the frontier settlers. They were aware of the fact that the savage Indians had begun their marauding expeditions early in February, or in fact, had not ceased them during

the entire winter just passed. Early in March a white man coming through Gnadenhutten told them of the murder of Mrs. Wallace and her child, and that a company of whites was forming to revenge these deaths, and that their intention was to kill every Indian they met, whether savage or Christian. This aroused some fear, and a meeting of the leading Moravian Indians then in the Tuscarawas Valley was called to determine what should be done in case the whites came upon them. Some thought they should scatter through the woods, and others thought they should place enough faith in the Americans to disbelieve any reports that the Americans intended harm, and should treat them as friends. It was finally settled that each person should act in accordance with his senti-

ments. If he felt fearful, he might run away, and if not, he might do otherwise. It was decided, however, to complete their work the following day, and leave Captive's Town on March 7.

Colonel Gibson at Pittsburg heard of the gathering of Williamson's company, and immediately sent messengers to the Tuscarawas Valley to warn the Moravian settlements of their danger, but by that time Williamson and his men were nearing the towns.

On March 5, 1782, the same day the Moravian Indians had their council to determine the action they should take in case the whites approached them, this company arrived within a mile of Gnadenhutten where they encamped for the night. The following morning they reconnoitered, and finding a number of In-

dians were in the vicinity, they determined upon the plan of attack. The entire command was formed into two divisions. One was to cross to the western side of the river and attack the Indians there, while the other division was to be divided into three detachments which were to attack the town from different points simultaneously.

The first division found difficulty in crossing the river, as it was full of floating ice, but by the use of a large sap trough which answered the purposes of a canoe, and by swimming, sixteen of them managed to cross.

The first person they met was Joseph Shebosh, the son of one of the heroes of the ride from Pittsburg to Gnadenhutten which I have related. He was endeavoring to catch his horse which had strayed

away from him along the river bank, when one of Williamson's men observed him and shot, breaking his arm. A number of Williamson's men then gathered around him. He plead for his life, but in vain. The thirst for blood was aroused, and, regardless of the fact that the father of Shebosh was a white man, and had served the Americans so nobly, and with so much danger to himself, they killed him with their hatchets. Another Indian named Jacob was working close to the place where the whites were crossing, and was about to make his presence known when he saw one of the whites on the eastern bank fire at an Indian some distance down the river who was getting into a canoe. The Indian fell, apparently dead. Jacob was so frightened at the occurrence that he ran

into the woods and hid himself for a day and a half before he ventured to give the alarm.

Quite a number of the Moravian Indians were at work in the fields tying up corn preparatory to starting for Captive's Town on the morrow. Most of them had their guns with them. So few of the whites got across the river that they found themselves greatly out numbered, and they quickly adopted another plan. Jacob was the only Indian who knew the probable intention of the whites, and he was too frightened to give the alarm. Shebosh was not yet missed, and it was probable that they could gain a great advantage by acting as friends and thus gain the Indians' confidence. So, approaching to where they were working, the whites accosted them in a friendly

manner, and in conversation sympathized with them in their troubles with the Wyandots. They told them the object of their coming to Gnadenhutten was to take them back to Pittsburg as friends, and not as prisoners, and their wants would be supplied until after the war. At the mention of Pittsburg, no doubt, they recalled the kind treatment extended by Colonel Gibson to some of their number who had been taken there as prisoners but a few months before, and from the fact that the men to whom they were speaking were Americans, in whom the Moravians had the utmost confidence, there was very little persuasion needed to induce them to accept the proposition of going to Pittsburg, and they agreed to go to Gnadenhutten immediately to make preparations for the proposed journey.

The mask of friendship of the whites was perfect, and the confidence placed in them by the Indians was sincere. All requests made by the whites were cheerfully complied with, and upon the representation that all things would be returned on arrival at Pittsburg, even their guns and other weapons of defense were surrendered.

The division which intended to attack the town of Gnadenhutten carried out the project. The attack was made, but they found only one defenseless woman there, whom they killed, and so had possession of the town when they saw the other division approaching, peaceably conversing with the Indians they had crossed the river to murder. This may have caused some surprise to those who had taken possession of Gnadenhutten,

but, quickly grasping the situation they also acted the part of friends. They spent the remainder of the day gathering articles that had been hidden by the Moravian Indians when the Wyandots visited them the fall before and forced their removal. That night, the 6th of March, they all lay down to sleep together, as it has been said: "The one dreaming of scalps, the other of happy homes." On the morning of March 7 Williamson sent an escort with several of the Indians from Gnadenhutten to bring those from Salem. This was accomplished in the same guise of friendship and Christianity. The Indians at Salem were asked to give up their arms, which they did, and thus helpless, though with cheerful hearts they trudged along with the escort until they came to a pool

of blood and a bloody canoe at the place where Jacob had witnessed the shooting. The confidence of the Indians fled, but they saw they were helpless in the hands of their enemies. Their captors, fearing their escape, bound them and brought them also to Gnadenhutten.

On their arrival they found the Gnadenhutten Indians had been imprisoned in two houses, the women and children in one, and the men in the other, and the Moravians from Salem were soon with them. The true character of their supposed friends was thus disclosed. Instead of the kind words the Indians had heard a few hours before, were the curses and taunts of their captors. Their sympathy for suffering was changed to thoughts of murder.

Not all were murderers, however.

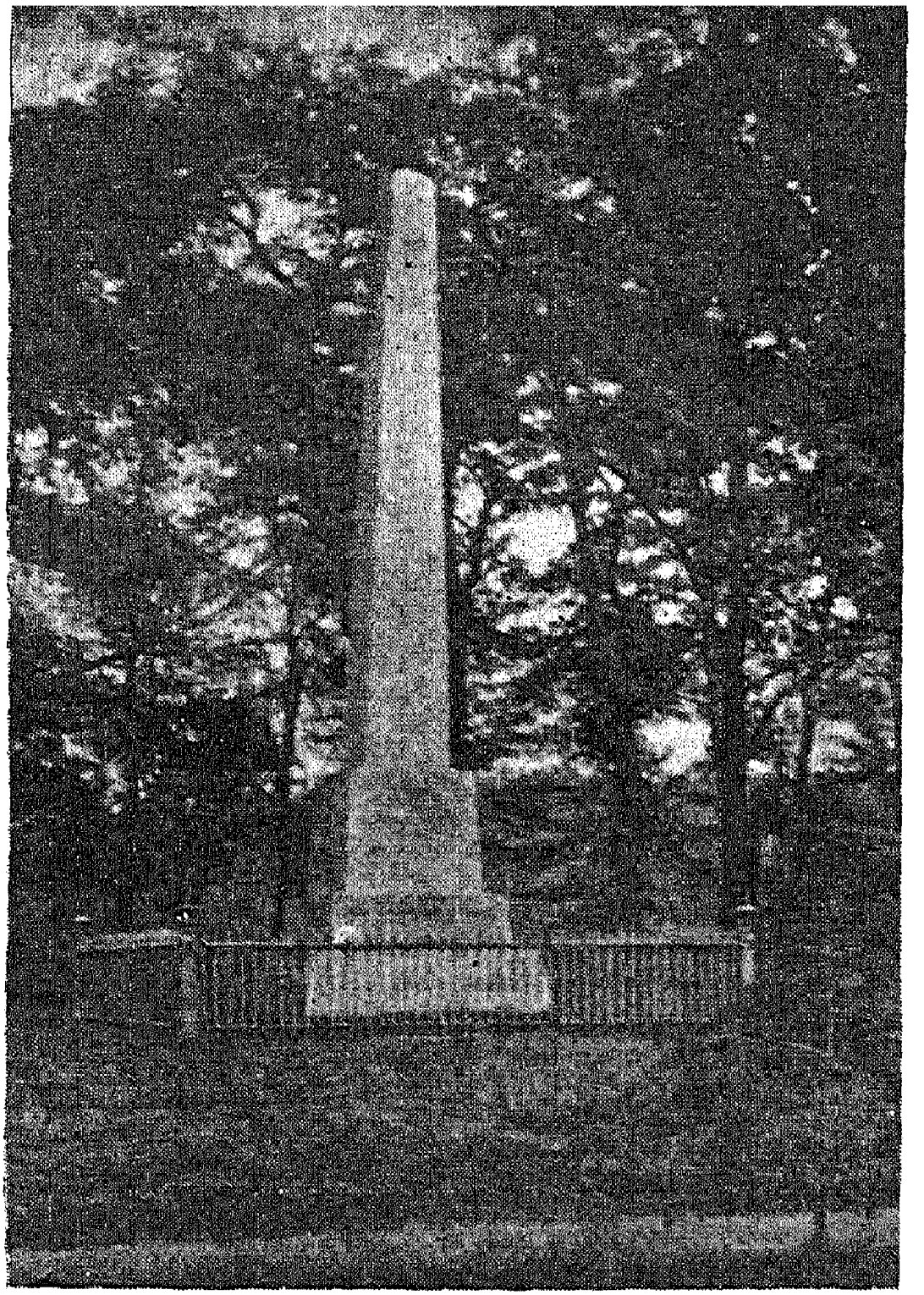
Some of Williamson's men realized the crime which their companions in arms wished to commit, and were in favor of releasing the Indians, or at the worst taking them captive to Pittsburg where the United States authorities could deal with them as was thought proper. Seeing the difference of opinion, Williamson resolved to leave the question to a vote of his men, and a consultation was held. Those in favor of sparing their lives declared that the Indians were innocent of any crime, while those in favor of death pointed to the fact that they had articles of household goods and clothing which the Indians in their savage state could not make. One of the band identified a garment worn by an Indian woman as belonging to Mrs. Wallace who had been murdered a few days before. The con-

clusion the whites deducted was that the Moravian Indians assisted in that murder. The facts were, that the garment of Mrs. Wallace had been sold at an auction with other goods a few days before, and not then knowing of the crime, or how the garment was obtained by the person selling it, one of the Moravian Indians bought it for his wife. Her clothes had been stolen by the Wyandots the fall before, and this garment was bought probably to supply an actual need, not realizing that it would be used as an evidence of murder against the entire Moravian band.

These facts, however, could not at that time be presented for the company of whites were of the nature of a mob, and those who ruled had their opinions formed before starting on the expedition,

and did not desire to consider any facts in favor of the Indians. Colonel Williamson did not desire to take the responsibility of action upon himself, however, determined to have his men decide as to what should be done with them. He ordered his men to "fall in," and after explaining the situation he put the question: "Shall the Moravian Indians be taken prisoners to Pittsburg or put to death? All those in favor of sparing their lives step one pace forward and form a second rank." Eighteen stepped forward to the line of mercy. About eighty remained on the line of murder, and the question was thus decided that the Moravian Indians should die.

This intelligence was quickly communicated to the Indians where they were prisoners in the houses built for their own



MONUMENT AT GNADENHUTTEN, OHIO.

protection. They were told they had only one night more to prepare for death and that they should make use of it and die as Christians. At first this news almost crushed them. That Americans whom they had helped whenever they could do so without voilating their Christian principles; Americans, whom they looked upon as friends, and who had but a few hours before talked with them about Christianity and complimented them on their piety should take them prisoners, and go so far as to murder them without even permission to make a defense or explanation was too much for the innocent mind of a Christian to bear, even though an Indian.

They had been taught to overcome disappointments, however, and as night came on and they realized it was their

last one on earth, they spent it in singing and praying. One old Mohican Indian, Abraham, who had followed the Moravians from New York, had in his later days, become a backslider. He was one of the unfortunates, and to prepare for death he asked forgiveness of all whom he had wronged, and then joined in the singing and prayers also. While this last prayer meeting was being held in the prison house, the captors on the outside were discussing the method of execution. Some wanted to burn them. Others favored a different plan as they wanted scalps. It seemed Williamson's men were not only blood thirsty, but their desire for crime was a mania, and the worst form which could be devised was the preferable. They finally decided to kill them separately in almost any man-

ner, one by one, but to make the work complete. Those who had stepped to the line of mercy pleaded that they be taken prisoners instead of killed, but all in vain, and then as Pilot of old, they washed their hands of the matter and called upon God to witness that the crime was not upon them.

The morning of the 8th of March dawned. The murderers began their preparations. The cooper shop, in which no doubt old Joshua had honestly toiled many a day, was chosen as one of the slaughter houses. A cooper's mallet laying there, which had so often been used as a tool for works of mercy, was selected as the instrument of death. The man who picked it up remarked, "How exactly will this answer the purpose," and stood ready to begin the execution. The

whites then went to the prison houses and inquired whether they were not soon ready for the work, to which the innocent Moravians replied, "We are ready."

The bloody work began. The Indians were led out two by two. Old Abraham was the first to be taken, and as the self chosen executioner seized him by his long flowing white hair he said to one of his fellow criminals, "See what a fine scalp this will make," and knocked him in the head with the mallet. He kept on with the work in this manner until he had fourteen dead and dying at his feet when he handed the mallet to another, saying, "I think I have done pretty well, go on with the work."

The work did continue until, to the knowledge of the whites, not one Indian of that band remained alive, and among

the dead were Captain Johnny, the chief of the Turtle tribe, who had resigned his position to follow the Moravians; Old Tobias, the sexton of the church at Salem, who had saved Heckewelder's life; Glikkikin, the former war chief of the Wolf tribe whose faithfulness to the missions and to the Americans was always prominent, and John Martin, who had ridden with John Heckewelder from Gnadenhutten to Coshocton on that day when the tide of war was turned.

The house which was occupied by the women and children was also made a slaughter house, and among those who perished there were the two young daughters of Joshua the cooper, the wife of Glikkikin, and Christiana, a well educated woman who had lived among the Americans in the East and could speak

three languages. Christiana fell upon her knees before Williamson and begged that her life be spared, but he replied that he could do nothing for her. So passed the day, and as the sun was sinking in the West, ninety-six of the Moravian Indians had passed by the hands of the Americans into the future state.

Only two persons escaped. Jacob, a young boy who was imprisoned in the house with the women and children, got through a trap door into the cellar. The massacre just over his head was proceeding and the whites were so engaged in their horrid work that he crept out of the cellar window unobserved, and hid in a clump of hazel bushes. Abel and Thomas, two other boys, were not killed by the blow from the mallet and by being scalped, but lay as if dead. When Able

thought the murderers had left, he raised slightly to see his surroundings. Just then one of Williamson's men came into the slaughter house, and seeing an Indian still alive, he crushed him under his heels. Thomas observed this and lay perfectly quiet until it became dark, when he cautiously slipped out of the building and escaped. By a coincidence he found Jacob, and they two watched the murderers set fire to the houses and make merry over the result of their work, and then with savage shouts, and oaths, start for Schoenbrunn, where they expected to repeat the crime committed at Gnadenhutten.

The messenger which Zeisberger sent from Captive's Town to ask the Indians to return, arrived at Schoenbrunn about the time Williamson's party arrived at

Gnadenhutten. Having given the message to the Indians there, messengers proceeded towards Gnadenhutten. When within a short distance of the town, they found the body of their own countryman, Shebosh, lying by the river bank, dead and scalped. Tracks of horses were also noticed in the vicinity, and they then saw a number of whites across the river at Gnadenhutten. Hastily taking note of these facts the messengers retraced their steps to Schoenbrunn and told what they had seen. The Moravian Indians there, thinking these visitors might mean harm, dispersed through the woods where they could observe what was taking place in their town without being seen.

Soon Williamson's band appeared and seeing the town deserted, they satisfied

themselves by looting the houses and setting the town on fire.

The whites then made their way towards the east, as it was learned that a number of the Moravian Indians had gone in that direction. Later they went to Pittsburg with their stolen goods, which were put up at auction and sold.

The missionaries at Captive's Town, not hearing from those who went to the Tuscarawas Valley, were compelled to start on their journey to Fremont with the limited accommodations they could procure at Sandusky. The trip took them through marshes. The weather was still cold, and other hardships were to be borne. When they arrived at Fremont they found true friends among the whites. Here they heard the news of the massacre of their people at Gnadenhutten.

The remaining history of the Moravian Missions is soon told. The few converts who had not relapsed into heathenism or been killed were gathered together, and a new mission called New Gnadenhutten was started in the present State of Michigan, where they lived until four years after the Revolutionary War. The desire to return to their beloved Tuscarawas Valley was still uppermost in the minds of many of them, and especially was this the case with Zeisberger, Heckewelder and Edwards, the only missionaries left to care for the Indians. New Gnadenhutten was a long distance from Detroit, the nearest settlement, and the road to that post lay partly through a forest, and partly through a dense swamp, so they were cut off from communication with the outside world. From

the disadvantages of this position the little flock was diminishing instead of increasing, and it could not be otherwise while they remained there. The day came when they started on their homeward journey. On April 20, 1786, the congregation met for the last time in their chapel at New Gnadenhutten and offered thanks to God for His care and protection. They went to Detroit, crossed Lake Erie, and on June 8, arrived at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, at the present site of Cleveland. Their intention was to go direct from here to the Tuscarawas Valley, but they were again doomed to disappointment. They were informed that but recently the whites had murdered some Indians there, and that the savage Indians had not yet accepted peace. For this reason they re-

mained for a time on the Cuyahoga at a place named Pilgrims Rest.

Here Heckewelder also left the band for other fields, and the remainder of them moved back to the Huron River, where New Salem was built, and later we find them at Fairfield, Canada.

The savage Indians in Ohio kept up the war spirit even after the Revolutionary War was over. In 1790 hostilities in an aggravated form began again. St. Clair was sent to Ohio with an army to preserve peace, but in a battle in 1791 he was defeated. Then General Anthony Wayne was sent, and the result of his campaign was the treaty of peace made in 1795 which forever ended Indian wars in Ohio.

In 1785, Congress granted three large tracts of land in which Schoenbrunn,

Gnadenhutten and Salem had been located for the use of the Moravian Indians. These grants were renewed in June, 1796, and the remnant of the Moravian Indians was invited to take possession of their old homes. It was not, however, until 1798 that their desire to return could be satisfied. That year, however, on May 31, Heckewelder, who was again with the Moravian Indians, Edwards, another missionary, and six of the Indians who had been members of the missions for years, started for the Tuscarawas Valley. On August 15, Zeisberger with thirty-three of the Indian converts followed. About the 1st of October this little band floated down the Tuscarawas River in canoes as Zeisberger and Glikkikin had done over twenty-seven years before, and then they paddled

into the lake and to the landing at the beautiful spring, where they arrived October 4, 1798.

Near by the town of Goshen was built, and a mission started. Here the first convert was the widow of Captain White Eyes. White Eyes' sons also became members of the mission.

The mission at Goshen prospered until about 1800, when it too began to decline, and at the death of Zeisberger in 1808, the missions in the Tuscarawas Valley may be looked upon as abandoned.

* * * * *

To-day as we pass over the site of these communities we note the changes. All traces of Schoenbrunn are effaced. The original beauty of the location is gone. The beautiful spring is dry. The clear lake has become a marsh by absorbing the decay of generations. The virgin forest has fallen, and the noble race which occupied its banks, have, like the forest, dis-

appeared before the destructive elements of civilization.

The site of Old Gnadenhutten is a pretty grove. One mound near the site of the massacre is the last resting place of the bones of the unfortunates, which were gathered up and buried there by their former teacher and faithful friend, John Heckewelder, and David Peter, about eighteen years after the massacre. Another mound marks the site of the Mission House, and the plot made sacred by the presence of the church in which so many prayers and exhortations were uttered, is marked by a limestone shaft bearing the inscription. "Here triumphed in death ninety Christian Indians, March 8, 1782."

But, although the physical features are thus changed and these events are looked upon as matters of history, the results still live. The moral influence exerted by these faithful followers of Christianity on not only those who came in contact

with them, but on those who read about them, can not be measured, and that influence is with us to-day.

The effect of their actions on the political history of the United States can only be conjectured, but their policy for peace during the Revolutionary war was at least instrumental in helping our fathers secure their Independence. On this one feature General Butler says: "Had the chiefs of the Delaware Nation, together with the Christian Indians, pursued a different course than that which they adopted, all joined the enemy and taken up the hatchet against the American people, it would have cost the United States much blood and treasure, to have withstood them and checked their progress, besides weakening our already feeble armies on the sea board by draining them of troops for the Western service, and this might have proved fatal to the cause."

THE END.

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